THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS
"Slimer, Come Home"

FADE IN:

EXT STREET - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING - DOWNSHOT

A questionable neighborhood. Streetlights cast pale circles of light onto the sidewalk. A CAR zooms THROUGH FRAME, headlights scissoring through the ominous night. PUSH DOWN AND IN to find

A COUPLE

usual type, a MAN and a WOMAN, walking down the sidewalk. Just then, a streetlight above them FLASHES and expires. The darkness has grown a notch. They glance up, shrug, move on. Suddenly, there's an OS CRASHING from

ANGLE - TRASH CAN

Which spills out onto the street, a CAT SPITTING and hauling fur outta there. The can hits the street with a roll and clatter, then settles down.

MEDIUM - THE COUPLE

Looking a bit nervous now. They quicken their step. FOLLOW as they turn a corner and stop suddenly as they hear what we are now becoming aware of: a third set of FOOTSTEPS. Getting louder. Getting closer. They look to one another and hurry on around the corner.

DOWNSHOT - SIDEWALK

The FOOTSTEPS very loud -- we're with whoever, or whatever's, making them. A SHADOW, form unrecognizeable, covers the sidewalk, pacing the footsteps. Faster.

INT ALLEY

The Couple, casting nervous glances behind and around them, turn another corner -- and suddenly find themselves in a dead end. The FOOTSTEPS are closer now.

LONG SHOT - THE COUPLE

The CAMERA BOBBING UP AND DOWN slightly, PUSHING IN slightly each time, reflecting the POV of something getting close. They turn, face TOWARD CAMERA just as the huge SHADOW falls over them, extending down and OS.

TIGHTEN

Their jaws slack, eyes wide as poached eggs as they see:

THEIR POV

TRACKING BACK ALONG the shadow to its source -- and there's nothing standing there to cast the shadow! It just ends at where the feet should be.

MEDIUM - COUPLE

Looking to one another as, behind them, the shadow on the wall opens its glowing eyes, smiles, and leans toward them.

SHADOW-THING
. . . boo.

And they spin around, eyes wide in fear --

CLOSE - THE WOMAN

TRUCKING IN as she SCREAMS in typical reaction and we

WOMAN
(screams)

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT ECTO 1 - NIGHT

SIRENS taking up where the scream ended, bubble-top light spinning furiously. It races TOWARD CAMERA, then

REVERSE ANGLE

It speeds away through the darkened streets as we HEAR:

RAY (VO)
Three nights in a row -- it has to be the same group.

INT ECTO 1

RAY'S driving, the rest of the Ghostbusters at their usual stations. Egon's monitoring his PKE meter closely. Peter leans over toward Ray, looking around conspiratorially.

PETER
(quietly)
At least it gives us an excuse to keep Winston out of the station until the you-know-what's ready.

The exchange a glance, and a thumbs-up gesture.

ON WINSTON

Looking out at the passing street.

WINSTON
I don't get it. Why would poltergeists go after random targets? I thought they usually stayed in one place.

CLOSE - EGON

As the PKE meter's wings rise a bit. Egon raises an eyebrow at this, all UNDER:

WINSTON (OS/cont'd)
Don't they get weaker the further they go?

EGON
Usually, yes. But this is very strange. They shouldn't have the energy for roving attacks -- unless they have some source --

Suddenly the left PKE wing begins to FLASH frantically.

EGON
Left!

EXT ECTO 1

Swerving to make a last-minute left turn, tailfins scraping red dust from old brownstones as it momentarily jumps the curb then continues on down the street.

GHOSTBUSTERS
Whoa! Aaaak! Hey! Hold on!

INT ECTO 1

Everything's a jumble, all but Ray now akilter in their seats. Egon's eyes never leave the meter. Peter shakes his head to clear it.

PETER
(trying to be diplomatic)
Say, ah, you think we could have a little more warning next time, Egon? Not to get personal, of course, but --

EGON
Right!

EXT STREET

The same thing, the Ecto 1 coming with a hair of smashing itself as it barely makes a last-second hairpin turn.

GHOSTBUSTERS
(more yelling & carrying on)

INT ECTO 1

And if it was a mess before, it's even worse now. All but Ray are in virtually impossible positions, debris is all over the place, and they're all dazed. Egon finally looks up.

EGON
Now -- what did you say, Peter?

EXT STREET

As the Ecto 1 races AWAY FROM CAMERA:

PETER (VO)
I said -- oh, never mind.

EXT INTERSECTION

As the Ecto 1 comes to a sudden, shuddering, screeching HALT FACING CAMERA. The Ghostbusters climb out, around.

WINSTON
Okay, where to now?

But before Egon -- who only has eyes for his PKE meter -- can even answer, a horde of SCREAMING PEOPLE comes racing THROUGH FRAME, from CAMERA RIGHT to CAMERA LEFT, and out again. Ray, Peter and Winston look to one another and nod.

RAY/PETER/WINSTON
Left.

They start off that way. Egon hasn't even looked up yet. Then, finally, he points in the direction his comrades just wend in without looking up from his meter:

EGON
It's coming from -- there.

Then he looks up, realizes that he's alone. Quickly, he starts off after them, saying:

EGON
They must tell me how they do that some time.

INT ALLEY

Where all the trouble started earlier. As the Ghostbusters ENTER FRAME at this end of the alley, at the other end of the is what can best be described as a trash tornado. A HOWLING funnel of wind spins debris, trash cans, anything not nailed down in a black whirlwind, through which some of our GHOSTS -- wraith-like, most incredibly pale white -- dive and dance. The Ghostbusters draw their proton guns.

EGON
There they are! Now remember -- poltergeists can't actually hurt you.

ON WHIRLWIND

As one ghost, who for our purposes we will call GHASH -- a really twisted, sinister, crazed-looking ghost, scary looking in a dark, half-mad sort of way -- looks OS, then points at the whirling trash cans. They ZIP OS --

ON GHOSTBUSTERS

Raising their proton guns to meet the attack:

EGON
But trash cans sure can! Run!

PETER
No! Blast 'em!

WIDEN

As their particle beams BLAST the oncoming trash cans, which EXPLODE in a shower of garbage of the worst, yuckiest form that rains down on the Ghostbusters.

ON GHOSTBUSTERS

Covered with garbage, they all look with disgusted dismay to Peter, who throws up his hands.

PETER
Okay, so I saw three Clint Eastwood movies last night and got carried away. Sue me.

OVERSHOULDER SHOT

As the ghosts cease their mad dance, and begin to move slowly but with considerable menace toward Our Guys.

RAY
Uh, oh. It's showtime, folks.

WINSTON
Just give me some room!

DOWNSHOT - GHOSTBUSTERS

Their SHADOWS filling the frame as they raise their proton guns again, PANNING the shadows as we get the SFX of the guns being charged again, and they say:

RAY
Ready!

PETER
Ready!

EGON
Ready!

WINSTON
Ready!

CAMERA STOPS at a fifth shadow, much bigger than our guys.

TWO-SHOT - RAY, PETER

As a very pained-looking Ray points DOWN OS.

RAY
Trouble. Very, very big trouble.

And the shadow-thing raises INTO FRAME and grins evilly.

WIDEN

As the shadow thing suddenly whips around them, faster and faster, catching them up in a black whirlwind that raises them up off the sidewalk, higher and higher --

GHOSTBUSTERS
(yelling in panic)

ANGLE - OTHER GHOSTS

LAUGHING maniacally, they spiral down and into an open manhole, disappearing into the sewers down below.

ANGLE - GHOSTBUSTERS

Caught up and swirling in the (un)living tornado.

PETER
(against the wind)
Wait a minute -- didn't I see this in The Wizard of Oz?

ANOTHER ANGLE

The last of the ghosts disappears down through the manhole, and the shadow-thing races down after them, the manhole cover flying up and landing right in place after them. Needless to say, the Ghostbusters land with a loud THUD and CRASH.

ON THE GHOSTBUSTERS

Half-in and half-out of various trash bins, dumpsters, and piles of things better left to the imagination.

WINSTON
Well, guys, look on the bright side -- it couldn't possibly get any worse.

KERBLAMM! With a FLASH OF LIGHTNING it starts to rain. To pour. To drop buckets of water on them. They look at Peter.

INT ECTO 1

Heading through rainy streets, carrying our wet Ghostbusters. Ray, again, is driving. Towels are around everyone's necks. Winston is in the back, with Egon. It's a sullen bunch.

WINSTON
We taking the long way home or something? Seems like it's taking forever.

TIGHTEN on Ray and Peter as Ray leans toward him:

RAY
(a whisper)
You think Janine's got everything set up by now?

Peter nods, looks back at Winston, then at Ray. He nods.

PETER
(whisper)
This'll really make his night!

DISSOLVE TO:

BLACK SCREEN

The doors open to REVEAL that we're in the firehouse garage. It's pitch black inside, though, so the Ghostbusters are silhouetted against the rain outside with a flash of LIGHTNING. They enter, looking around, Winston in the lead.

WINSTON
Janine? Slimer? Hey, where is everybody?

WHAMM! The lights snap on suddenly, REVEALING that the garage has been festooned with ribbons, and balloons, and party decorations of every sort. Everything festive and bright and birthday-wonderful.

ALL (EXCEPT WINSTON)
Surprise! Happy birthday!

ANGLE - OFFICE

As Slimer and Janine come out of hiding from behind her desk, each wearing a cone-shaped party-hat. Slimer, carrying one, speeds OS as Janine steps forward.

JANINE
Bet you thought we forgot, didn't you?

ON WINSTON

As Slimer, on the fly, slips the party-hat onto Winston's head. The rest of the Ghostbusters, in BG, pull hats out of their uniforms and unfold them, putting them on.

WINSTON
(overjoyed)
I don't believe it! You guys -- ! I thought we were taking a long time!

ON JANINE

Disappearing for a moment into Peter's office.

JANINE
And there's more to come!

ON EGON, WINSTON, PETER

As Peter looks at the curious Winston, and gives him a wink. Winston looks over at Egon -- whose face remains impassive.

EGON
(very, very seriously)
I just want you to know that I'm having a wonderful time.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Janine emerges from Peter's office, pushing a cart on which is the biggest birthday cake ever seen on this side of the continental U.S.

JANINE
Blueberry fudgecake, Winston -- your favorite!

UPSHOT - SLIMER

Eyes wide. He WANTS this. His mouth slavers, his lips quiver, every ectoplasmic inch of him WANTS THAT CAKE! He covers his eyes, turns around, peeks through his fingers, all UNDER:

ALL (EXCEPT WINSTON)
Happy birthday to you -- Happy birthday to you -- Happy birthday, dear Winston, Happy birthday to --

And Slimer cracks. The pressure's too much for him, the temptation too great. Opening his mouth as big as it'll go -- and that's pretty darned big -- he DIVES:

ON BIRTHDAY CAKE

As, with a ZOOM!, Slimer swoops INTO FRAME, gobbles the cake in one massive, snake-like bite, and ZOOMS OS again.

GHOSTBUSTERS
No! Slimer! Aw, no! Aarrghh!

ON JANINE

As Slimer, mouth full of food, chomping away, floats INTO FRAME next to a very upset-looking Janine.

JANINE
Slimer! How could you?

And now, Slimer looks appropriately guilty. Note: he's not play-acting, he's serious. He's very sad that he did this. He's just not endowed with self-control.

ON WINSTON, RAY

As Ray puts a consoling hand on Winston's shoulder.

WINSTON
(lying through his teeth)
No, it's -- okay. I'm on a diet anyway -- well, at least I am now.

PETER (OS)
Hang on a second -- no, it's not okay!

ANGLE - SLIMER

A very angry Peter ENTERS FRAME beside the hovering Slimer, who's looking like he'd genuinely prefer to be elsewhere.

PETER (cont'd)
We planned this party all week, Slimer. It means a lot -- to us, to Winston -- and you had to mess it up!

Slimer, mouth downcast, guilty, removes his cone-shaped hat and offers it to Peter . . . who knocks it out of his hand.

PETER
That's not going to make up for it.

FAVORING PETER

As Egon comes alongside Peter, rests an arm on his shoulder, Winston coming in a moment later.

EGON
Let it go, Peter. What's done is done.

WINSTON
(half-heartedly)
Yeah. It's my party, after all. Slimer just can't help himself.

ON SLIMER

Very sad, very pathetic just now. He turns, sighs, and starts OS UNDER:

PETER (OS)
Are you kidding? He helps himself to everything that isn't nailed down or on fire! But what use is he? Huh?

ANOTHER ANGLE

Slimer heads TOWARD and BELOW CAMERA, the Ghostbusters and Janine in BG, as Peter points at Slimer:

PETER (cont'd)
The first time I saw you, you slimed me! You've been nothing but trouble since! So do us all a favor -- cut it out, okay?

With that, Slimer nods sadly, and heads OUT OF FRAME.

TWO-SHOT - RAY, PETER

As Ray shakes his head, looking to the OS Slimer.

RAY
You were awfully hard on him, Peter. I think you hurt his feelings.

PETER
(grudgingly)
Well -- he has to learn. Besides, ghosts don't have feelings.

OVERSHOULDER SHOT

As the Ghostbusters and Janine look on, Slimer goes around the corner and OUT OF FRAME.

RAY
No? I wonder sometimes . . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

INT BUNKROOM - NIGHT

All four Ghostbusters are asleep. At the occasional burst of LIGHTNING outside, where it's still raining, one or the other stirs a bit, but they're definitely asleep.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Slimer floats up the hole in the floor that accommodates the fire-pole. TRACK with Slimer as, his expression sad and wistful, he pauses beside the bed of each of the Ghostbusters in turn. He silently waves bye-bye to each of them, moving down the line until he comes across Peter's bunk. He raises his hand, as if to wave bye-bye again -- but stops. He looks down, feeling guilty. With a SIGH, he drops his hand and heads back the way he came.

INT GARAGE/OFFICE

Where Slimer floats over to Janine's desk, hovers over a sheet of paper, and writes a note that, for now, we can't see. His note complete, he starts off -- only to spot his party hat on the desk. With a small, wistful smile, he plops the hat on his head. But a moment later, he's back to sad again. It's a comically sad moment. Arms limp at his sides, he floats OS.

ANGLE - WALL

Slimer heads straight for the wall, and goes THROUGH IT. The party-hat, too corporeal to go through with him, hits the wall with a THUMP and falls, abandoned, to the floor.

EXT FIREHOUSE HQ

As Slimer appears, coming out of the wall on this side. It's still RAINING out here, the black night broken by occasional flashes of LIGHTNING and THUNDER. Slimer looks up into the water falling on his face, then heads off.

LONG SHOT - STREET FACING FIREHOUSE

As Slimer, a small, pathetic figure against the night, the rain, the lightning, floats off into the distance.

WIPE TO:

INT JANINE'S OFFICE - LATER

As the door opens, and a wet Janine ENTERS, carrying a sack that she sets down on the desk.

JANINE
Slimer, I'm back. I brought you some doughnuts. C'mon, Slimer. Slimer?

TIGHTEN

She looks around. No Slimer. Then she glances down, sees the note, and picks it up. Her hand flies to her mouth in dismay.

JANINE
Oh, no . . . !

WHAM! She hits the alarm button. RINNNGGGGGG!

INT BUNKROOM

The usual panic/confusion/rushing about as the SIREN WAILS, they dive into their jumpsuits, and leap down the firepole. (Note: I assume this is going to become a stock shot, so I've not called out the shots here.)

INT DOWNSTAIRS

Where Janine waits beside the firepole as, one by one, the Ghostbusters slide down into the room beside her. Ray is the first one down the pole.

RAY
What is it, Janine? Where's the problem?

JANINE
Right here, Ray.

TWO-SHOT - EGON, PETER

As Winston slides INTO FRAME behind them, Peter leans toward Egon.

PETER
I knew it. She's gone over the edge.
Too much coffee, I warned her --

EGON
Ssshhh.

WIDEN TO INCLUDE ALL

As Janine faces them, hands on hips, note in hand.

JANINE
Slimer's run away from home.

RAY/EGON/WINSTON
What?

ON PETER

Who looks around with disbelief.

PETER
If that's it, I'm going back to bed. Slimer wouldn't leave -- he's got too good a deal going here.

He starts OS, but turns back at the sound of:

JANINE (OS)
Oh, no? You don't think so?

ON JANINE

Who holds up the note and reads:

JANINE
(reading)
"No one likes me. I'm always doing bad things. I try, but I can't help it. So it's better if I leave. Goodbye forever. Slimer."

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Ray steps up to her.

RAY
Can I see that?

She hands him the note.

OVERSHOULDER SHOT - FAVORING THE NOTE

Seemingly a tangle of scrawls and doodles and whatnots.

RAY
You can read this?

JANINE
(with aplomb)
I'm a secretary. I can read anything.

ON JANINE

With Peter in BG. She half-turns to face him.

JANINE
He wrote it in a real hurry -- I guess he felt the sooner he left, the happier someone here would be.

WIDEN TO INCLUDE ALL

If looks could kill, the looks they're all giving Peter at this point would hospitalize him for sure. He looks back at them.

PETER
Let me guess -- this is all my fault, right?

ANOTHER ANGLE

As first Winston, then Egon and Ray head for the lockers and start putting on their equipment.

WINSTON
It doesn't matter whose fault it is -- we've got to go after him.

RAY
We're right behind you, Winston.

EGON
We'll split up -- that way we can cover the most area more quickly.

With that, they head out of the firehouse into the night.

REVERSE - PETER, JANINE

As Peter pointedly doesn't move. She looks over at him.

JANINE
Aren't you going to look for him?

PETER
Who, me? Hey, I'm the guy he slimed, remember? Go after him? Hah!

He turns away, crossing his arms. He glances over his shoulder at her as she sits down at her desk. Their eyes meet, and he looks away, his resolution iffy at best.

EXT FIRE-HOUSE

As Ray, Egon and Winston emerge, look around, and then split up, each heading off into the night in a different direction.

WIPE TO:

EXT STREET - NIGHT

Where Slimer is making his sad way down the empty street. Then, suddenly, his eyes light up with enthusiasm. Has he seen another Ghostbuster?

HIS POV - CANDY MACHINE

What else? Racks and rows of candies behind the glass.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Slimer zips INTO FRAME, and reaches through the glass to take a candy bar. But then, he hears/recalls:

PETER
(memory/reverb)
He helps himself to everything that's not nailed down!

And with that, he puts the candy back, and -- looking dejected -- heads on off down the street.

EXT STOREFRONT

Slimer comes around the corner of the building, and spots his reflection in the storefront window. He floats there for a minute, looking at his reflection -- and then gives his reflection the raspberry!

SLIMER
(gives the raspberry)

This done, he starts to head off again -- but there's just one small problem: his reflection stays right where he left it! He moves back again, looks at the reflection. The reflection does nothing. He waves at it. Nothing. He swivels around so he's floating upside-down. The reflection stays exactly where it is.

CLOSER

As Slimer sticks his nose within an inch of the reflection -- which then suddenly turns to look right back at him! Slimer REACTS, startled.

SLIMER
(startled cry)

ANOTHER ANGLE

ZOOM! Slimer rockets back the way he came, around the corner. Give it a BEAT -- and then he emerges from the alley again, sneaking up on his reflection. He looks around the storefront corner at it -- and the reflection shimmers, changes into a huge, frosted-glass-like smile on the store window -- very Cheshire Cat-ish. No other features, just that smile. Then, the smile seems to melt, sliding down off the glass, down the wall below --

SLIMER'S POV

The white stuff flows down the wall and heads down the sidewalk, flowing like a man-sized, self-contained river.

WIDE - SLIMER, SIDEWALK

Slimer swallows hard, and then takes off down the sidewalk, following the white stain around a corner.

WIPE TO:

INT GHOSTBUSTERS FIREHOUSE - OFFICE

Janine's at her desk, reading, as in BG, Peter tries to slip past and behind her toward the door. Then, without looking up:

JANINE
Going somewhere?

PETER
(startled cry)
Geez, Janine -- don't DO that!

ON JANINE

Setting down her book, and looking at Peter over her glasses.

JANINE
I just thought that maybe you were going out to look for Slimer.

ON PETER

Backing toward the door, trying to look cool.

PETER
(obfuscating)
Who, me? Heck, no. I was just going out for a walk. Yeah, that's it -- a walk.

JANINE
In the rain?

ON DOOR

As Peter, backing up, finds it, and gets a grip on the knob.

PETER
Hey, sure thing. New York's rain's good for you. Well, see you later.

But before he can get the door open all the way --

JANINE (OS)
Just one thing:

ON JANINE

Who smiles for the first time in a while:

JANINE (cont'd)
If you should -- happen -- to find Slimer, tell him I said to come home.

CLOSE - PETER

Who smiles himself -- he knows she knows, but neither of them are going to say it out loud.

PETER
Will do.

With that, he steps outside, closing the door after him.

CUT TO:

EXT STREET

Where Slimer is still following the white form that slides along the sidewalk. It disappears around a corner. Slimer stops, seems to think it over.

ON SLIMER

Looking around nervously.

HIS POV

This is not a very nice neighborhood. Downright creepy, as a matter of fact. Maybe some small, glowing eyes visible in the trash heaps -- suggestive of cats (hopefully) or rats (more likely). Build it a bit -- this is a scary place.

ON SLIMER

Screwing up his courage, he takes a "step" back -- and then rushes around the corner.

ANGLE - CORNER

As Slimer almost collides with a punk rocker-type coming around the corner in the opposite direction. They both scare the bejeezus out of one another:

SLIMER
(scared scream)

PUNK ROCKER
(scared scream)

ZOOM! They both race off in opposite directions.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As the SCREAMING, SCARED SLIMER races right toward a wall, passing THROUGH IT.

INT HOUSE - DINING ROOM

Where ANOTHER COUPLE, each reading a newspaper, sits at the dinner table. At the woman's side of the dinner table is a bottle of catsup. The man ruffles his paper, but doesn't look up as he says:

MAN
Can I have some catsup, please?

And at that very moment, Slimer comes speeding THROUGH THE WALL and INTO FRAME, kicking up a whirlwind as he goes, causing the bottle of catsup to go flying end over end, spraying catsup all over the place, primarily on the Man. He glances over the top of his newspaper:

MAN
That's plenty, dear.

EXT BUILDING

As Slimer, breathing hard, comes out of the building and all but collapses against it. Then, suddenly, he SEES:

SLIMER'S POV

The white something, or someone, sliding along the sidewalk, beckoning him to follow.

UPSHOT - SLIMER

Screwing up his courage, Slimer starts after the white thing again.

CUT TO:

EXT - ANOTHER STREET

Where Peter is walking down the street:

PETER
(calling)
Slimer? Slimer? C'mon, man, fun's fun, but it's cold out here.

EXT - YET ANOTHER STREET

Where Winston is also searching the area. He looks under a trash-can lid, sees nothing, and moves on.

EXT - A THIRD STREET

Egon, Winston and Ray encounter one another, look around.

RAY
You two find anything?

Egon shakes his head studying his PKE meter.

RAY
Same here.
(noting the meter)
Something up, Egon?

ON EGON

Very preoccupied with his readings.

EGON
Just thinking about the poltergeists we fought earlier. We shouldn't have lost -- but we did. They were strong -- but poltergeists are supposed to get weaker the farther they get from home.

ON RAY, WINSTON

Whose faces are starting to show some concern:

RAY
Unless they were drawing on some other source of energy.

WINSTON
And since ghosts are almost pure energy, every time a ghost joins them, their energy increases. They become more dangerous.

TWO-SHOT

As Egon nods, we PAN UP to the skyline, and PUSH IN on another part of town UNDER:

EGON
Exactly. It's like hooking more and more batteries to the same line. With that sort of power, they could go anywhere they want.

CUT TO:

EXT - WAREHOUSE

Where Slimer follows the white spectre to an old, deserted warehouse. It slips inside. Slimer follows --

EGON (VO/cont'd)
If I'm right, then even one more ghost might make all the difference. They'd steal its energy, becoming unbeatable -- and terribly, horribly evil.

INT WAREHOUSE

A room, lit by a strange phosphorescence. The white spectre flows to a table at the center of the room. Gathered in a tight circle around the table are the rest of the ghosts we saw the Ghostbusters fighting earlier. Slimer ENTERS in FG.

ANGLE ON SPECTRE

As it takes its full form -- and we see it's GHASH, leader of the struggle from before.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As the gathered ghosts and other strange spectral shapes make room for another at the table -- and Slimer floats over to take his place at the table. Nodding the others applaud -- a sound that sounds like dry leaves being shredded, not at all like regular applause.

ON SLIMER

Looking more or less comfortable. Maybe this is home now.

ON GHASH

TRUCKING IN on the evil of that face -- as it LAUGHS.

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT STREET - NIGHT

TRACKING WITH Peter as he walks the deserted, urban street, looking high and low for Slimer.

PETER
Slimer? Come on, Slimer, come home. All is forgiven. Well, most of it.

Nothing. Finally, he stops, cups his hands to his mouth, and yells:

PETER
(calling)
Sliiiiiiiiiiiiimer?

SQUEAL! In response a taxi screeches into frame in front of Peter.

1ST TAXI DRIVER
Taxi, mister?

Peter shakes his head. The taxi zooms OUT OF FRAME. Peter again cups his hands to his mouth.

PETER
Sliiiiiiiiiiiimer!!!!!!!!????

ANOTHER ANGLE

As, suddenly, another Taxi zooms INTO FRAME in front of him.

2ND TAXI DRIVER
Taxi, mister?

PETER
No!

ZOOM! The taxi speeds away.

CLOSE - PETER

As the light comes on behind his eyes.

PETER
Hmm -- I think I've got something here.

WIDEN

As he cups his hands to his mouth, and yells:

PETER
Taxiiiiii!

WHOOSH! A handful of GHOSTS come racing THROUGH FRAME in front of him, passing OUT OF FRAME.

PETER
Bingo!

As Peter follows them OS, we PAN UP, ACROSS several buildings until we come to

DOWNSHOT - INTERSECTION

Where Ray, Egon and Winston come to a stop. Winston points down the three facing streets.

WINSTON
We'd better split up if we're going to find Slimer before the poltergeists do.

ANGLE - WINSTON, RAY, EGON

As they each take a different street:

EGON
Agreed. If we don't, he'll become a part of their evil as it crosses the country -- he'll be gone forever.

WIPE TO:

EXT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

We SEE several phantasms -- wraith-like spirits -- flying into the warehouse, through the walls. DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

INT WAREHOUSE

PANNING the several dozen ghosts, spirits and strange things who prowl the room. They are singularly nasty, evil looking things -- glowing eyes, sloped foreheads, ghastly white pallor, green ichor, empty sockets, the whole bit. And in the midst of this PAN what do we REVEAL but Slimer, floating amid all this with complete aplomb, oblivious to the evil that surrounds him. He floats over to

MEDIUM - SKELETON LION TAMER

At least, that's what it looks like, given its coat with tails and whip. The top-hat is dirt-encrusted, worn, everything old, harking to the grave. It doesn't look up from its crouching position as Slimer stops before it. He puts up a brave smile and waves in friendly fashion to the skeletal figure. Then, the skeleton's jaw drops -- and out

comes a spectral lion head! It ROARS/LAUGHS/GIBBERS/SHRIEKS at a terrified Slimer.

SPECTRAL LION-THING
(roars/laughs/gibbers/shrieks)

Slimer REACTS with startlement and fear, and ZOOMS OS.

ANGLE - DOOR

Slimer speeds toward the door, looking back the way he came, and barely manages to stop as Ghash appears, its pale-white form and half-mad, fearsome expression filling the door.

CLOSE - SLIMER

Smiling nervously, trying to make a good impression.

CLOSE - GHASH

Frown deepening, very serious. It shakes its head. It creaks. Its hand ENTERS FRAME, and it waggles back and forth in the universal "No, no," symbol. It sticks its face out so that it FILLS THE FRAME. It makes a long, scary, HISSING sound.

GHASH
(hissing sound)

ON SLIMER

Screwing his face into a rough (though highly inaccurate and comical) version of an equally scary face, takes a deep breath, and instead of hissing . . . burps at Ghash.

SLIMER
(disgusting burp)

WIDEN

As, with a gesture, Ghash indicates for Slimer to follow out of the room. Slimer looks around as if to say, You talking to me? Slimer points at himself. Ghash nods. Reluctantly, Slimer follows Ghash out of the room. Give it a BEAT -- and then from the other room comes a CRASHING and a BASHING and things being BROKEN, and Slimer comes racing back INTO FRAME only to be yanked back into the other room, where the SFX of a small riot in process continues, and we

CUT TO:

EXT STREET - EGON

Eyes on his PKE meter as he swings it back and forth, walking the sidewalk, oblivious to the STREET PUNKS who come from around the corner, cutting off Egon's means of easy escape.

1ST STREET PUNK
(preface to a mugging)
Well, well -- what's wrong, man? You lose something? Hey, maybe we can help you find it. What'd it look like?

ON EGON

Whose face, as always, reveals not the slightest shred of emotion. He answers straightforwardly and with perfect honesty:

EGON
I'm looking for a full-torso ectoplasmic manifestation, color green, no legs, spirit classification unknown.

ON STREET PUNKS

As the 1st Street Punk nods, then with a wave, motions for the others to part. Egon ENTERS FRAME, walks between them them and out.

TIGHTEN

As a consternated 2nd Street Punk looks to the retreating form of Egon, and back again.

2ND STREET PUNK
Hey, we had him! Why'd you let 'im go?

1ST STREET PUNK
My dad always told me -- "Never mess with anybody weirder than you are."

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

WINSTON - searching the street, looking in trash cans, checking out dumpsters.

WINSTON
Slimer? Sliiimer?

PETER - Coming up in one of those sidewalk elevator shafts used for street deliveries. He heads on down the street.

PETER
C'mon out, Slime baby, come on.

RAY - Standing without moving against the wall of a building. He's clearly waiting. Egon ENTERS FRAME, stops.

EGON
Why aren't you looking for Slimer?

CLOSE - RAY

Who smiles and taps his head.

RAY
It's a new theory of mine. Ever notice how if you go looking for someone, you almost never find them?

WIDEN TO INCLUDE EGON

Taking this all in with something resembling the way we act toward someone who's just gone over the edge.

RAY (cont'd)
Well, I figure if I wait in one place, everybody I ever met in my entire life will come by sooner or later.

EGON
Ray, I think you should know -- that's the most ridiculous theory I've ever --

Then abruptly they both look to the OS sound of:

MRS. MILLIKAN (OS)
Ray Stantz! Hi!

WIDEN TO INCLUDE STREET

As MRS. MILLIKAN, a grandmotherly-looking sort, waves at Ray, who waves back. All along the street are other PEOPLE, who begin waving to Ray.

RAY
That's Mrs. Millikan, my second-grade teacher, along with all my classmates from second grade! Hi!

PEOPLE
('hi's & other greetings)

CLOSE - EGON

Shaking his head in utter disbelief.

EGON
Ray . . . I think one of us needs a nice, long vacation.

CUT TO:

INT WAREHOUSE - CLOSE ON GHASH

Ghash's face FILLS THE SCREEN as he lets loose with a terrible GHOSTLY SCREAM intended to frighten the bejeezus out of anyone who hears it.

GHASH
(terrible ghostly scream)

WIDEN

To reveal Slimer beside Ghash. Ghash points to Slimer, encouraging him to try. Slimer takes a deep breath, and out comes a symphony of such sounds as you'd normally find in a trash-compactor -- along with dog sounds, cat sounds, bird sounds, sirens and anything else lying around the sound effects department.

GHASH

Claps a hand to his/its forehead in great dismay. Then it turns and heads through the wall. Slimer follows.

EXT STREET - CORNER

Where Slimer and Ghash come out onto the street. Ghash looks around the corner.

OVERSHOULDER SHOT - GHASH

A couple of YOUNG MEN are walking down the street TOWARD CAMERA.

MEDIUM - GHASH, SLIMER

Ghash holds up a bony finger, then seems to puff up into an even more frightening visage. Holding this expression, it dives around the corner --

OTHER STREET

The two young men flee in abject fear from the onrushing Ghash, who chases them TOWARD and PAST CAMERA.

GHASH
(ghostly scream)

TWO YOUNG MEN
(misc yells and cries)

MEDIUM - SLIMER

As Ghash returns from around the corner, Slimer reluctantly applauds. Then Ghash points a bony finger into Slimer's face -- he's next. And we hear APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS.

OTHER STREET

And sure enough, it's Peter. He looks in the street gutter, under a car, seeing nothing.

PETER
(to himself)
Now, if I were Slimer, what would I do? Beats me. Poor guy, I'm almost ready to forgive him for the time he slimed me.

ON SLIMER, GHASH

As the FOOTSTEPS get closer -- and Ghash points around the corner. Slimer antics, gears up for the dash, then races around the corner --

SLIMER
Aaaarrrrrrr!!!

SLIMER'S POV

On a collision-course with Peter.

PETER'S POV

Slimer tries to stop, too late, backpedaling frantically --

PETER
Slimer! There you --

SQUISH! THE CAMERA is slimed over --

ANGLE - GHASH

As Slimer comes frantically back around the corner again, eyes wide, knowing what he's done. Slimer scoots back through the wall again. Ghash, looking dismayed, shrugs and goes through the wall after him.

ANGLE - PETER

On the ground, as in the movie, slimed from waist to head, looking skyward in utter disbelief.

PETER
(giving up on life/why me?)
I don't believe it. He did it to me again.

Without enthusiasm, he picks the walkie-talkie off his belt and speaks into the microphone:

PETER
(false pleasantness)
Hello, fellas? Guess what? I found Slimer. Peter -- out.

THUD! He lets his head fall back against the ground.

WIPE TO:

INT WAREHOUSE

There are even more ghosts than before. They move with eerie silence toward the large central room, Slimer in the middle of the unliving horde. They pass into

WIDE - CENTRAL ROOM

Where Ghash awaits them in the middle of the huge room. The ghosts, spirits, wraiths and others form a circle around Ghash. There is the MURMURING of VOICES, incomprehensible, a mix of sounds and moans and groans and sighs. (SEE DIALOGUE NOTE.) Slimer is among them.

ON GHASH

As he/it holds up a hand. The SOUNDS stop. All is silence. TRUCK IN RAPIDLY on Ghash under the first word we have ever heard Ghash say, relevant by its uniqueness:

GHASH
(whisper-thin)
. . . now!

WIDEN

As parts of Ghash's ectoplasmic self begin to virtually unwind, to unspool, forming a small, (un)living whirlwind of ectoplasm, his features visible at its summit. He looks to one of the ghosts, and points. The ghost nods, takes a step forward as we HEAR:

GHASH
(whispery)
. . . come.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As the Ghost leaps and dives into the whirling Ghash.

ON GHASH

And the two become one. Ghash becomes larger, and in its form we can see the other Ghost -- they have merged, the Ghost has not been consumed. There are two sets of eyes, elements of both visible in the growing mass of ectoplasm.

ANGLE - GHOSTS

One, then another of the creatures leaps into the air to join with Ghash and the other. The NOISE of the whirlwind grows.

ON SLIMER

Eyes getting wider as the surrounding spirits crowd around him.

EXT WAREHOUSE - STREET

As Ray, Egon and Winston race up the street to join Peter, who is crouching behind a car on the other side of the street. Lights from the bizarre events inside spill out through the windows and onto the street, lighting it in erratic colors and flashes.

ON PETER

As Winston, Ray and Egon hustle INTO FRAME, checking the warehouse over the top of the car. Peter has cleaned himself up a bit, but there's still slime on him in a lot of places.

RAY
You're sure you saw Slimer?

Peter tugs at his slimed shirt.

PETER
How else do you think <u>this</u> happened?

RAY
Don't kid me, Peter -- I've seen you eat.

TWO-SHOT - EGON, WINSTON

As Egon consults his frantically-flashing PKE meter.

EGON
This doesn't look good, guys. We're too late -- it's started.

WINSTON
What's started?

CLOSE - EGON

Glancing up at them, his face lit by FLASHES from inside the warehouse. He jerks a thumb at the building.

EGON
The individual frequencies are merging. All the small ghosts in there are being absorbed into one big ectoplasmic mess.

WIDEN TO INCLUDE ALL

They exchange glances, understanding the significance of this.

WINSTON
And if Slimer's in there --

RAY
And he's already been absorbed --

EGON
Then we may never be able to separate him.

ON PETER

Thinking this over.

PETER
(soberly)
Meaning that we'll have to zap, trap and contain all of them -- Slimer included.
(cheerily)
Kind of makes it a perfect day, doesn't it?

WIDEN

To show the others giving him one very nasty look. He shrugs.

PETER
Just a joke, fellas. Lighten up. Now let's go get 'em.

DOWNSHOT - STREET

As they begin making their way across the street, the lights from within the warehouse sending their shadows flickering in large, stark relief across the street.

INT WAREHOUSE - CENTRAL ROOM

Ghash, now much larger, BURSTS THE ROOF! His form contains dozens of merged ghosts, all more or less visible within him. Only a few others remain not yet merged, Slimer among them. The SOUND of the whirlwind is immense, ear shattering, flashes of spectral light coming from within Ghash's enlarged form.

DOWNSHOT - SLIMER

As Ghash's huge, pale, skeletal hand reaches INTO FRAME and points at Slimer:

GHASH
. . . come!

ON SLIMER

Who SWALLOWS hard. He steels himself like a kid about to go in and see the dentist, then rises a foot or so off the ground, heading toward Ghash. Then he pauses.

SLIMER'S POV

Closer to Ghash than we've really come -- seeing with the terrified eyes of Slimer what's waiting for him: the ghosts already absorbed whip past within their ectoplasmic bonds, not really even coherent, self-contained ghosts anymore -- their features smeared across the surface of the whirlwind that is Ghash. (Imagine the look on a guppy's face after you've dropped it in a water-filled blender set on puree.)

ON SLIMER

Shaking his head, he backs off, tries to retreat.

CLOSE - GHASH

Crooked finger extending INTO FRAME, beckoning, expression frightful, crazed --

GHASH
(more insistent)
. . . <u>come</u>!

ON SLIMER

Who's just made up his mind to get the heck outta there! He turns, starts to speed away, when a SHADOWY HAND reaches INTO FRAME, blanketing him. PULL BACK TO REVEAL that this is the shadow-thing we saw earlier. Its fingers form a cage, against which Slimer struggles to no avail.

INT STAIRCASE

Which the Ghostbusters are racing up, as a worried Egon checks his PKE meter.

EGON
I can barely read Slimer's frequency!
He's getting weak. We're losing him!

ANGLE - THEIR FEET

Racing THROUGH FRAME, up the stairs, under:

EGON
Just one chance -- set your proton guns
at five hundred thousand megahertz:
Slimer's frequency.

LONG SHOT - CORRIDOR

As they hit the top of the stairs and race toward the doors at the far end of the hall. Through the cracks in the door we can SEE the flashing light, and HEAR the roaring sound. This is it.

PETER
(over the noise)
I just hope you know what you're doing, Egon -- 'cause I sure don't!

INT CENTRAL ROOM - FAVORING SHADOW-THING

As it whips Slimer over its head, about to throw him at Ghash, towering in BG. Suddenly there's an OS BLAST.

REVERSE ANGLE - DOORS

As the proton guns BLAST away the doors, and in run the Ghostbusters, guns at the ready.

WINSTON
All right -- freeze!

RAY
Yeah! Drop that slime-ball!

WIDE - INCLUDES ALL

Too late! The shadow-thing flings Slimer into the all-consuming whirlwind that is Ghash!

SLIMER
Aaaaaaahhhhhhhgggggg!

WINSTON (OS)
We're too late! They got him!

ON GHOSTBUSTERS

As Egon raises his proton gun.

EGON
Not yet! Ready to fire at five hundred thousand megahertz -- fire!

KERWHAMM! All four Ghostbusters fire their particle beams at once, shooting OS TO:

WIDE - GHASH

But instead of hitting him all over, the beams concentrate on one spot: where Slimer is.

PETER (VO)
We've got him!

MEDIUM - GHOSTBUSTERS

Struggling with their guns, particle beams streaming OS.

RAY
Hang on -- hang on or we'll lose him in there!

ANOTHER ANGLE

As, unbeknownst to the Ghostbusters, the shadow-thing is sneaking up along the wall behind them.

ON SLIMER

Who REACTS to this, and points frantically behind them.

WINSTON (OS)
Don't worry, Slimer -- we'll have you out in a sec!

And he slaps his head in frustration -- they don't get it!

ON GHOSTBUSTERS

Gripping the proton guns tightly:

EGON
Okay, ready -- and -- PULL!

They all yank back on their proton guns. The particle beams snap with a whiplash-like effect.

WIDE - GHASH

As the particle beams encasing Slimer yank him out of Ghash's form with a POP! Slimer's yanked OS and --

ANGLE - WALL

Where he crashes into the wall and lands hard, dazed.

CLOSE - GHOSTBUSTERS

Looking at one another, pleased with themselves.

PETER
Hey, can we cook, or what? Now for Mister Ugly himself --

But suddenly the proton guns and backpacks float off them!

WIDEN

REVEALING that the shadow-thing has come up behind them, and has yanked their equipment off their backs. They're helpless.

RAY
(knew something'd go wrong)
That's what happens when you call names, Peter.

CLOSE - GHASH

And Ghash -- well, Ghash smiles. It's not a pretty sight.

WINSTON
I think we're in a LOT of trouble here.

Ghashs's eyes GLOW -- and lightning-like bolts come flashing out of Ghash's eyes.

ON GHOSTBUSTERS

Diving everywhichway as the incoming blast EXPLODES on impact, taking out a good part of the floor, the door, and the wall.

ANGLE - PETER, RAY

As they come to a rolling halt, head-over-tail.

PETER
You don't suppose that thing would listen to reason, do you?

WHAMMM! Another blast nearby rains debris all around them.

RAY
Doubtful, Peter. Very doubtful.

They get to their feet and OS just in time to avoid another such BLAST.

ANGLE - GHASH

PANNING DOWN to follow Ghash's gaze of the floor. FOLLOW an energy-pulse that ripples the floor's wooden boards to

WIDE - GHOSTBUSTERS

Getting to their feet when the floorboards RIP themselves up in the shape of giant hands that grasp each of them tightly.

GHOSTBUSTERS
Hey! Leggo! Let's not get personal here, okay? Watch it!

ON SLIMER

Sitting up, though still dazed. He REACTS as he sees:

SLIMER'S POV

The proton guns and packs strewn against a far wall.

UPSHOT - GHASH, GHOSTBUSTERS

Against the star-shot night visible through the shattered roof, the Ghostbusters are carried by the wooden hands toward Ghash, closer, closer --

WINSTON
. . . oboy.

ANGLE - SLIMER

Tugging frantically at one of the proton guns, pushing buttons, hitting displays -- nothing works.

TWO-SHOT - PETER, EGON

Moving quickly toward Ghash's gash of a mouth.

PETER
I want you to know, Egon -- this isn't my idea of a night on the town!

ON SLIMER

Suddenly the shadow-thing looms up behind him. It's about to grab him when, in desperation, Slimer KICKS the proton pack -- which suddenly flares to life, shooting BLASTS of particle beams in every direction like a high-pressure water hose.

THE SHADOW THING

Races for cover, a particle beam barely missing him.

WIDE - INCLUDES ALL

As a particle beam burst cuts through the four wooden hands. The four Ghostbusters hit the floor at a dead-run as the beam hits Ghash, the walls, everything.

WINSTON
That's it! Go!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Dodging their own weapon, they dive across the room, snatch up their proton packs, and turn to face --

OVERSHOULDER SHOT - FAVORING GHASH

Rearing back to confront the Ghostbusters, who take aim --

PETER
Not to get personal, fellah -- but EAT PROTONS, SUCKER!

KERBLAMM! They cut loose with particle beams that zap Ghash, surrounding him in a field of flashing energy. Ghash fights to get away, the ghosts within also surging upward --

EXT ROOF

Ghash comes head and shoulders out, bristling with particle beam energy, only to be dragged down again.

ANGLE - FAVORING WINDOW

As, to one side of the fray, partly hidden by Ghash, the Shadow-thing tries to slip out the window:

RAY
Oh, no you don't! The party's not over yet!

ZAP! He diverts his proton beam to strike the shadow-thing. It's yanked back, ramming into the form of Ghash, trapped with it.

INT CENTRAL ROOM

As Ghash is dragged down in the pyramid of particle beam energy, Winston kicks the trap across the floor so it's under Ghash.

WINSTON
Trap's ready!

ANGLE - GHOSTBUSTERS

Fighting to maintain control of the beams, when Egon suddenly reacts to a thought.

EGON
Peter, I just had a thought --

PETER
This isn't the time, Egon!

EGON
But I'm not sure how many ghosts the trap can hold at one time! We might overload it!

DOWNSHOT - TRAP FOOT-CONTROL

As Peter's foot comes crashing down on the foot control.

PETER
Why do you do this to me? Hang on!

WIDE - INCLUDES ALL

The trap OPENS, the circles of energy surrounding Ghash and the shadow-thing, pulling it down, down, the SOUND of dozens of ghost-voices filling the air as it struggles, struggles --

ANGLE - TRAP

The last of Ghash fills the trap, and the doors CLOSE. The trap shudders. Once. Twice.

WIDEN TO INCLUDE GHOSTBUSTERS, SLIMER

As they approach the smoking, shuddering trap with some trepidation. It looks like it might blow at any second.

WINSTON
I think we'd better get this thing contained -- fast -- before it blows.

PETER
What an awfully good idea, Winston.
(to Slimer)
Oh -- and I guess you can come too.

ON SLIMER

Who smiles from ear to ear -- even if he doesn't have any.

WIPE TO:

INT CELLAR - CONTAINMENT UNIT

Just Winston, Peter and Slimer. Winston loads the trap into the containment unit, stands as far back as he can and still touch the handle, and brings the handle down. They all put their fingers in their ears. The whole place SHUDDERS.

ANOTHER ANGLE

They open their eyes and glance around. Peter smiles.

PETER
Hey -- piece of cake!
(turning to Slimer)
And speaking of which -- we want to see you upstairs. Now!

Peter turns on his heel and heads up the stairs. Winston winks at Slimer and follows. His head low, anticipating the worst, Slimer follows them up the stairs.

INT OFFICE

And it's all dark. Suddenly there's the glare of lights -- and the place is festooned with all the same decorations, with some extras. Janine, Ray and Egon are all wearing their party hats. Slimer blinks, surprised, pleased, and stunned.

ALL
Surprise! Welcome home!

SLIMER
(delighted squeals)

TWO-SHOT - RAY, JANINE

As Ray indicates the surrounding decorations.

RAY
Just our way of saying we missed you, and don't ever do that again.

JANINE
The party was Peter's idea.

ANGLE - PETER, SLIMER

As Slimer looks to Peter with something just short of love. Peter looks skyward and wishes he were elsewhere.

PETER
Give me a break, okay? So I like parties. It's got nothing to do with slime-skin over here.
(to Slimer)
And I didn't miss you.

Slimer looks devastated. Peter shrugs.

PETER
Well, maybe just a little.

ANGLE - PETER'S OFFICE

As Winston emerges, pushing a tray on which is another huge cake. (Note: there should be some indication of a second tray below, but nothing too obvious.)

WINSTON
Hey, enough talking! Let's eat! We've got two parties to make up for, you know.

ON SLIMER

Eyes wide at the sight of the cake. He antics, and ZOOMS OS.

WIDE - THE CAKE

SHOOM! He opens his mouth, engulfing the cake in one huge gulp.

ANGLE - SLIMER

Coming to a floating stop -- and realizing what he's done. He slaps a hand to his mouth, looking ashamed.

EGON (OS)
Don't worry, Slimer.

ON GHOSTBUSTERS

As they remove the top tray to reveal another cake on another tray right below it!

PETER
Yeah, even scientists learn from their mistakes. Now let's eat!

ANGLE - SLIMER, RAY

Slimer settles down beside Ray, who jerks a thumb at Slimer.

RAY
Oh, hey, speaking of learning -- I taught Slimer a new trick.

CLOSE - RAY

Smiling with great, mischievous intent.

RAY
(mischievous glee)
All right, Slimer, go ahead -- show them your food!

ON SLIMER

Mouth full of cake, his eyes go wide, he smiles outrageously.

ANGLE - JANINE, PETER, WINSTON, EGON

Holding up their hands in protest --

ALL (EXCEPT RAY)
No!!! Don't do it! Aaarrrghhgh!

EXT GHOSTBUSTER HQ

PULLING BACK as we HEAR:

ALL (EXCEPT RAY)
Oh, gross -- that's disgusting -- Aaak!
-- I'll get you for this, Ray! -- Ick!

And on that note, we

FADE OUT:

THE END

TO: VOICE DIRECTOR, OTHER PRODUCTION STAFF

RE: "SLIMER, COME HOME" AND OTHERS

DIALOGUE NOTES:

From time to time, we will require different approaches to the voices of the evil characters in THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS. Not all of the ghosts/creatures will speak. There are times when to have a ghost speak in simple, plain terms will diminish its essential scariness, its mystery. Then it becomes like Skeletor -- one more scheming villain. The script that follows, "Slimer, Come Home," is one example of how we can capitalize on such treatment.

At other times, of course, having an evil character/ghost whatever that speaks will serve us well. The important thing to decide is when one or the other applies.

So: a suggestion. Put together a tape of ghost voices. By that I mean a number of things. I'm thinking of the wallpaper voices scene in THE HAUNTING OF HILL HOUSE, in which we could make out muffled voices crying out in argument, children crying, someone humming tunelessly, but just muffled enough so that we couldn't make out what was being said, which made the scene VERY scary indeed. (Check with me if you want to see the scene -- I have it on tape.) I'm thinking of voices recorded backwards. Of a mix of otherwise perfectly ordinary sounds -- animals, wind, thunder, even heavy equipment -- that, when mixed, filtered, and put on reverb, will be very effective indeed.

In addition to freeing us to do some different things with characterization, this has several additional benefits: 1) We can layer the ghost-voices in whenever needed to give us atmosphere, to heighten tension. 2) In cases such as the attached script, it all but eradicates the need for voice actors, thereby saving quite a bit on the budget. 3) It gives THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS a unique look and feel.

If we have a range of ghost-voice tapes made up, we can use them in snippets, as needed, throughout the series without risking repetition.

Trust me . . . it'll look and sound GREAT!

J. Michael Straczynski